THE OBSERVER.

NEW-YORK:

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1809.

Why is this paper published on Sunday?

This question has been put to the editors more than a hundred times since the commencement of the publication. The answer must be very plain to all truly religious and virtuous men. We say, this day is set apart to give rest to the body, and refreshment to the mind; ---to adore the Almighty, and to study his divine will and laws. To aid the attainment of these objects is the design of this paper. But, say bigots, you break the Sabbath by publishing the paper on that day. This is not true. This paper is printed late on Saturday night; and we no more break the Sabbath by the delivery of it on that day, than the minister who delivers his sermon. Some of those *over-pious people*, who find so much fault with us, read, with the greatest eagerness, the papers published on Monday; though it is well known that almost the whole of the labour attending the printing is performed on Sunday. Shall we not be allowed to do good on the Sabbath? Since the days of Jesus to the present time the answer of hypocrites has been, NO. But that shall not deter us from our duty. In London, for many years, there have been two or three papers published every Sunday morning, and sold openly in the streets. These papers are under the immediate patronage of the church: and one of them, to our certain knowledge, edited by a minister of great eminence. Do you think that bishops Lowth and Porteus would have encouraged these papers, had they considered their publication a breach of the Sabbath? We invite, cordially invite, the clergy, and all those who have the cause of virtue and religion at heart, to supply with sermons this *Preacher*, who speaks with a thousand tongues. Many by sickness, or the performance of some necessary duty, are prevented from attending church. Why then refuse them instruction at home?

Subscribers who have not received the preceding numbers regularly, may be supplied by calling for them at the Corner of Wall and William-Streets.

The Scotch Preacher on the Resurrection.

Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all was yet silent as the sepulchre----Death held his sceptre over the Son of God---still and silent the hours passed on----the guards stood at their posts---the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears---the enemies of Christ exulted in their success---the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow---the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light---the third day began to dawn upon the world---when, on a sudden, the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken ---an angel of God descended---the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground, his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow----he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it.

But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength! It is thy prince O Zion---Christian! it is thy Lord. He hath trodden the wine press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now, as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection---he arises a conqueror from the grave---he returns with blessings from the world of spirits-----he brings salvation to the sons of man. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious. It was the jubilee of the universe---the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. The Father of Mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored; he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice---the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven for the refreshing of the nations.

The following are the rules, which the celebrated Chief Justice HALE, *prescribed for himself, at his entrance into office, copied from the original, under his own hand.*

1. That in the administration of justice I am entrusted for God, and my country; and therefore,

2. That it be done, 1, Uprightly ---2, Deliberately---3. Resolutely.

3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God.

4. That in the execution of justice, I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them, however provoked.

5. That I may be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all other cares and thoughts, as unreasonable interruptions.

6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, till the whole business and both parties be heard.

7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard.

8. That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to pity; yet to consider, that there is also pity due to the country.

9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.

10. That I be not biassed with compassion to the poor, or favor to the rich, in point of justice.

11. That the popular, or court applause, or distate, have no influence in any thing I do in point of distribution of justice.

12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rules of justice.

13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal,

14. The criminals that consist merely in words, when no more harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.

15. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.

16. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending.

17. To charge my servants---1. Not to interpose in any business whatsoever---2. Not to take more than known fees---3. Not to give any undue-precedence to causes ---4. Not to recommend counsel.

18. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may be better fit for business.

THE DYING CHILD.

The taper was just glimmering in the socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother awakened from a momentary slumber, to renew her anguish; she turned her eyes on her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were slowly moving in their hollow abodes. It was midnight, and nothing was heard but the strokes of the clock pendulum, and the heavy sighs of a disconsolate father, which mingled with the short deep breath of his suffering darling.

Half raised, and leaning on his pillow, he had been watching the dread moment when a sigh or struggle should announce, that hope and life together had taken their everlasting flight. A sudden flutter drew the attention of the wretched parents from the melancholy object of their meditation; it was the expiring innocent's favorite bird, whose food had been neglected ever since the danger of its little admirer had absorbed every other care, and, as the sad presage of its fate, it now expired! The parents looked alternately on each other, and on the bird, but at this instant, to add to their distress, the candle ceased to burn---the father seized his infant's hand---the mother felt for its forehead, but the pulse was still, and all was cold.

Respect for the dead is Religion.

—On entering the church-yard at the little town of Llanwair, in Wales, I was particularly struck with the remarkable custom that prevails over the northern part of that country, of planting the graves of departed friends with various evergreens, and all the choicest gifts of Flora's hand. Box, thrift, and other plants fit for edging, are planted round in the shape of the grave, for a border, and every flower that adorns the smart parterre is placed within—so that the taste of the living may here be known by the manner of embellishing these mansions of the dead. The snow-drop, violet, and primrose denote the infant dust---the rocket, rose, and woodbine shew maturer years---while tansey, rue, and starwort, mark declining life. Each hath his little evergreen, fond emblem of that perennial state where change is known no more: Nor are they, when once planted, left to be overrun by the luxuriancy of less delicate neighbours---but constantly weeded and cherished by the hands of the nearest friends of the deceased, who appropriate every Saturday afternoon for that pious remembrance of departed worth. I approached with respect a young female, removing the obtrusive weeds; she turned her head and shewed a beautiful countenance, still more interesting from grief. "I come here" said she "to weep over my dear brother---I had but one; he was a brother---I frequently pray that my dear brother may flourish in Paradise like the rose on his grave. I have been told that I ought not to pray for the dead; but I find my heart better after it, and I feel a stronger desire to be holy, that I may be the sooner fit to go to him."

LETTER TO ******,

My Quandom Friend,

I think it is now nearly four years since we were in such habits of intimacy, and though nothing particular has ever occurred to break it off, yet since that time we meet as strangers,---sometimes appear embarrassed as though we are trying to recollect each other: sometimes nod, or appear to be looking at something else. Going to Albany in the Steam-Boat last summer, it was a whole day before I recognised you, although we almost stumbled over one another several times.

I hope you do not think it arises from any bitterness or ill-will towards you that I have avoided you as I have done; on the contrary, nothing could give me greater satisfaction than to be the means of your improvement, and of your happiness; but at the time that I associated with you and your companions (all birds of a feather) I count as lost; it was the grave of two whole years; for I do not recollect one useful acquirement I made in all that time. I lost, like you, all ambition, and absolutely forgot that I had the right to be as great a man as ever lived. Yes, I lost all ambition, as much as though I had been born a slave under a government that would always keep over one. How very different is our situation, it only requires sufficient diligence and exertion of mind, and a man may place himself on any height he pleases. Religion, birth, or country are no obstacles here.

It was in that very cold winter we had, four years ago, one bitter night, I thought it snowed rather too much to meet you at - - - - -'s - - - - - - - where you - - - - - - and - - - - - - without any compunction: - - - - -that too considered, I broke my engagement with you. For want of something to do, I took up a book that fortunately lay on the table, I looked at it, saw it really was a book, and then looked straight at the fire for about five minutes; and the figures, which fancy in coals can create, supplied me with a little vision that put my mind in a serious way of thinking. I saw the likeness of Jack********, you know whom I mean---that swearing fellow, and Old Time, with his scythe uplifted; and by his side I made out something like an hour-glass; in a minute or two the scythe fell upon Jack, and the ashes so altered his head, that it looked like a skull;---in two or three minutes more, a large chunk fell down and destroyed Time, and Jack, and hour-glass, and all -

As it would take me so much more time to tell you what my reflections were, than it did to make them, I have left two lines vacant for you to fill up with such reflections as you think I made. - - - - -

I was sitting with one leg across the other, my chin on my breast, and my eye fixed on the book.---"Young's Night Thoughts," said the book,---"Oh dismal," said I. ---"Open me," said the book; I did so---and the thing that met my eye was this:

"Reason progressive, instinct is complete;---
Swift instinct leaps, slow reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch pupil would be burning still;
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearnt.

(If you do not read better than you did when last I heard you attempt it, read it again, and again, for unless you read a subject well, you cannot well understand it.)

I thought it a complete slap in the face; it roused me; what am I about, said I to myself; what have I been learning; or am I a brute and have reached my zenith. - - - NO. - - - I determined to lead a new life. - - - As a first and very necessary step I shook off all my old cronies, and you among the rest. I avoided your haunts; - - - - - - I began to respect myself. - - - - I do not know exactly

how it happened, but I soon found myself in a much more rational circle of acquaintance. - - - - - I have watched you and them with a very scrutinizing eye, and am very sorry to see you are still in the same way, though not in the same place ; for you have made a few sure steps towards the grave. Suppose we compare man's life to a road in which there are three score and ten miles: he hops and skips to the twentieth mile-stone without well knowing or caring how he gets there. We will suppose he has now twenty or thirty miles of beautiful road, bedecked with all that can enchant the eye, or that can delight the heart, the rest he knows is doubtful, dreary, dangerous travelling, beset with ruffians of disease, who each shall vie to tug him to a grave; would it not create your pity to see him stalking through this flowery path, this only delightful part of his journey, like a man in his sleep, unconscious of the beauties that surround him, and the dangers that await him. You would think him mad to neglect the enjoyment and advantages this part of the road afford. - - - - - I wish I could persuade you to think a little and to value time before you have lost so much that what remains is not worth having.

Yours, &c.
Observer.

THE SWEARER SILENCED.

From an old English paper.

Of all the reigning vices none is so inexcusable as swearing, and yet it obtains against all admonitions from the pulpit, and penalties enacted by parliament. It would be well therefore to attack it by ridicule; we have an instance of its success in the following true story.

The late Rev. *Basil Kennel* was once chaplain in a ship of war ; and as his place was to mess with his brother officers, he found they were so addicted to the impious and nonsensical vice of swearing, that he thought it not becoming his character to continue longer amongst them, unless he could prevail on them to leave it off; but conceiving at the same time, that any grave remonstrance would have very little effect, he bethought himself of a stratagem which might answer his purpose.

One of the company having entertained the rest with a story (agreeable enough in itself) but so interrupted and perplexed with d me! b----d and o---nds! and such like shocking expletives, as made it extremely ridiculous, Mr *Kennet* then began a story himself, which he made very entertaining and instructive, but interlarded with the words *bottle*, *pot*, and *glass*, at every sentence.-----The gentleman who was the most given to this silly vice fell a laughing at Mr. *Kennet*, with a great air of contempt : Why, says he, *g--d d---m me, doctor, as to your story, that is well enough, but what had you to do with your d---d bottle, pot, and glass ?* *Mr* Kennet very calmly replied, *Sir, I find you can observe what is ridiculous in me, which you cannot discover in your self, and therefore you ought not to be offended at my expletives in discourse any more than your own. Oh, oh, d----mme*, says he, *pardon, I smoke you, you shall not hear me swear another oath whilst I am in your company ;* nor did he. Such was the effect of this little pleasantry, which the most serious instruction perhaps could not have accomplished.

Now to render this method of reformation general, I would humbly propose to the public, that instead of the present fashionable diversion of *humbugging*, a more innocent amusement may be introduced in its room ; *to wit*, that of *bottle*, *pot*, and *glass*. For instance, suppose any gentleman playing at cards is heard to say very coolly, *g-d--d--m you how could you play low ?* The answer is, *bottle, pot, and glass, Oh, Your servant, Mr* Kennet, says the other.---That's all.

NEWS OF THE WEEK;

Extracted chiefly from "The Mercantile Advertiser."

The 17th, 18, and 19th bulletins of the French armies in Spain, were received by the brig Batavian from Rochelle, arrived at this port, the last of which mentions the surrender of the fortress of Rosas, on the 6th of December, with its garrison, consisting of 2000 men, who were made prisoners. That six British ships of the line in the harbour not having it in their power to save the garrison. The Italian troops distinguished themselves during the siege. The Spanish troops continue to disperse in every quarter, and the new levies are daily compelled to return to their homes.

From an extra National Intelligencer of Friday.

Lieut. Gibbons this day arrived from on board the U. States ship Union, which he left in the Delaware at New Castle.

By her dispatches are received, which we understand, do not otherwise change the subsisting relations between the United States and Great Britain, than as they may be affected by an order of council (extracted from the London Gazette of Dec. 27th the operation of which, so far as relates to this country would seem to be nugatory, the late act of Congress interdicting intercourse with G. Britain and France, and excluding the British flag from our ports.

Mr. Purviance, the bearer of dispatches from France has not arrived, but is expected to-night.

Proclamation of the Emperor Bonaparte, issued at Madrid on the 7th Dec.

Spaniards,

You have been blinded by perfidious men. They have seduced you to take up arms, and drawn you into a foolish and senseless warfare. Is there one among you, who on reflecting for a moment on what has passed, will not soon be convinced, that you have been the tools of the eternal enemies of the continent, and who rejoice to see and shed the blood of the Spanish and the blood of the French? What will be the result of a protracted campaign? An unfinished war in the kingdom; and a long anxiety as to the fate of your property and your lives.

In less than a month you have been delivered up to all the anguish of a popular faction.

The defeat of your armies has been an affair of some marches only. I have entered into Madrid.---The rights of war would authorize me to give a terrible example, and wash in your blood the outrages against me and my nation.---I have only listened to forgiveness.

Those men only that are inventors of all our evils shall be punished. I will soon chase from the peninsula the English army who have been sent to Spain, not for your aid, but to influence you with a false confidence and to mislead you. I have told you in my proclamation of the 2d June that I would be your regenerator.

To the rights that have been ceded to me by the princes of the last dynasty, you have added to me right of conquest. Nothing will change my disposition, I will approve of your generous efforts.

I would tell you that your enemies have not consulted your interest: they have dissimulated to you the true state of things. Spaniards, your destiny is in your own hands. Throw away the poison that the English have scattered among you, that your king may be certain of your love and confidence, and you shall be greater and happier than you ever have been. All those who oppose your prosperity and your grandeur, I have destroyed, and have broken the shackles

that weighed down the people. I have given you a liberal constitution, in the room of an absolute Monarchy.—I give you one temperate and suitable to your habits. It depends on you to say whether that constitution shall be your law.

But if all my efforts are ineffectual, and if I find you unworthy of my confidence, I will treat you only as provinces conquered, and place my Brother on another Throne. I will put the Crown of Spain on my own head. I will be respected even by the worst, for God has given me the power and the disposition necessary to surmount all obstacles.

In our Imperial Camp at Madrid, 7th Decr. 1808.

NAPOLEON.

Norfolk March 1.---Capt. Moore of the British brig Nassau, from Port au Prince, informs, that a few days previous to his leaving there he learned that a bloody engagement had taken place in a small town near Cape Nichola Mole, between Christophe's Brigands under General Gouma, and Petion's forces under General Lumar, in which the former were totally defeated with the loss of their whole army. Gouma it was said made his escape by disguising himself in women's clothes. Several severe battles had been lately fought in the south, in which Petion's forces were succesful.

FREE TRADE WITH HAYTI.

Mr. Fawkener presents his compliments to Mr. Peltier, and acquaints him that an order in council has this day been issued by his majesty, declaring that those ports and places of the island of St. Domingo, which are not in the actual possession of France, and from which the British flag is not excluded, shall be considered as not being in a state of hostility with his majesty, and that his majesty's subjects and others are at liberty freely to trade thereat, in the same manner as they may trade at neutral ports and places.

Council Office, Whitehall,
Dec. 14, 1808. (A true copy.)
J. PELTIER, Agent of Hayti.

PARAPHRASE OF PART OF STERNE'S MARIA.

As I pass'd, I beheld, by a poplar o'ershaded,
Where a rill, thro' a thicket meander'd along,
Maria, whose bloom her distresses had faded,
Wildly warbling her tenderly querulous song.

Her form, in a robe of pure white was invested,
Her hair, o'er her delicate hand, loosely flow'd,
As upon it her craz'd head she pensively rested,
And gaz'd on the flow'rs that around her were strow'd.

From the girdle that clasp'd her, a string was suspended,
To which Sylvio, her only companion, was tied;
Her pipe on a ribbon of pale green depended,
That hung from her shoulder, and wav'd at her side.

This regard of her father she ne'er could recover;
Her goat that once sported along as she stray'd
Had deserted her, like her ungenerous lover,
And left to herself this unfortunate maid.

As I look'd at her dog, the sweet girl drew him nearer.
"Ah! leave me not Sylvio," she tenderly cries:
She remember'd her goat; but her father still dearer,
Drew tears of regret from her wild-rolling eyes.

I sat down beside her, in mute contemplation.
And wip'd off her tears, e'er they fairly had flown;
While my bosom was throbbing with strong perturbation,
I wip'd off alternately hers and my own.

The mind of Maria recall'd the impression
I'd made when I pitied her sorrows before:
And the charms that attended her artless confession
Now height'ned the feelings of sympathy more.

"I remember" said she, "tho' my mind was distracted,
"The stranger who saw me, with pity was mov'd,
"To see the unhappy Maria neglected
"By those she had honour'd, and him she had lov'd.

"My goat stole his handkerchief, and the offender
"I beat, and he left me, to wander alone;
"But I wash'd, and have kept it, and mean to surrender,
"Should I e'er again see him, what's truly his own."

Then saying no more, the unfortunate mourner
Produc'd it inclos'd in the leaves of a vine;
A tendril surrounded it, and, on the corner,
I saw the initial that told me 'twas mine.

"Since that, have I seen, in my devious wand'rings
"St. Peter's at Rome, and walk'd round it with joy---
"The Po and the Tiber's romantic meandrings,
"And return'd without shoes o'er the flints of Savoy.

"The cloud covered Appenines too, have beheld me
"On their hoary cliffs roving, alone and forlorn---
"But the same kind Divinity led and upheld me,
"That tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn."

Shorn indeed to the quick, said I; but could I ever
Be blest with thy sight in my own peaceful cot,

No sorrows of thine, or my own should dissever
Maria, from him who now pities her lot.

My study should be to relieve thy distresses;
Thy heart, chill'd by neglect, should my sympathy warm;
Ev'ry tear should be dried by my tender caresses,
And my cottage should shelter thy limbs from the storm.

No more o'er the cliff, or the cataract foaming,
Should the steps of the hapless Maria be led;
But whene'er I beheld thee in solitude roaming,
My hand should conduct thee back safe to my shed.

When, at evening, the sun in his splendour descended,
To heav'n should our mutual devotion arise,
And my pray'rs, by the sound of thy soft pipe attended,
Smiling Seraphs should bear on their wings to the skies.

My heart thrill'd again, for the fair mourner grieving,
My eyes were with tears of compassion suffus'd;
I was wiping them off---when Maria, perceiving
My 'kerchief already too drench'd to be us'd,

"Let me wash it," said she, "in this stream near us flowing:"
And where will you dry it? half fell from my tongue;
"In my bosom," said she---And is that still so glowing?
I touch'd on the string, where her sorrows all hung.

I discern'd by her wild eye, her painful sensation;
To the Virgin she tun'd her pipe plaintive and slow,
The string I had touch'd upon ceas'd its vibration,---
She dropt her pipe, hastily rising to go.

Adieu, sweet Maria; Adieu lovely creature;
Thy griefs undeserv'd I must pity in vain,
For none but the Infinite Author of nature,
Who has wounded thy heart, can e'er heal it again.

K

Georgetown (S. C.)

☞ The Rev. Thomas Ledlie Birch will preach a sermon, in John Moore's Academy Room, Cedar-street, this evening, at 7 o'clock.

This paper will be published at Mr. Sinclair's book-store, No. 259, Broad-Way, and No. 287, Greenwich-street, every Sunday morning, from 7 o'clock till 10; where subscribers will please to leave their names and directions. The price is 2 dollars per annum, to be paid quarterly in advance, or six cents per number. A letter-box will be left at each of the above places to receive communications for the editor.

Printed by William Elliot, corner of Wall and William-Streets.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Robert Ogilby to Miss Ann Cox.

On Saturday evening the 11th inst. by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. William Mercer, of Newark, to Miss Eliza Vardin, of this city.

On Saturday evening, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Isaac Underhill to Miss Elizabeth Rhinelander.

On Saturday evening the 11th inst. by the rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Stephen Lee, to Miss Rebecca Bunker.

BILL OF MORTALITY,
from the 4th till the 11th March.

	Years old.		Years.
Peter Prink	60	Nicholas Robinson	56
Thos. Laffers	60	Francis Bitsow	52
Mary Coddington	42	Peter Lawrence	56
Chr. Gerke's child	2	Charles Heydon	4
David C. Hill 21 days		Henry Christian	36
Louisa Mackie	15	Nicholas Lewis b	4
Charles Allen	45	Charles S. Evans	3
Abigal Wells	33	Mary Gaile	35
Charles Guilme	36	Thos. Lyddle	39
Jane Childs	3	Wm. Humphries	40
Charlotte Adams	25	Peter Bunger b	22

A negro child 42 days.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The piece signed J. L. B. shall appear in our next.

We admire the style of Plato, but he has tinctured his subject too much with politics. We hope to hear from him again.

Alegro must be more adagio before we can give him a place.